Unmilk: Cowing the Consumer *David Sanford*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The War and the Cities

The Republican chew at the Johnson Administration for not winning in Vietnam was ritualistic mastication. The real 1969 issue transcends the tactically obvious: not, will the new Administration end the war, but will it begin to fight at home? This voters' touchstone could and should embarrass some candidates. The question boils down in the end to one of willingness, or reluctance, to stop chucking billions of dollars as well as thousands of invaluable human lives away in the Vietnam swamps and jungles, and simultaneously to make a serious start with improving the quality of life in America. Merely to phrase the goal is of course to attract immediate clamorous me-tooism. What cause could possibly appear more popular with dll the politicians running in November, including George Wallace? But voters will be handling their touchstone very ineptly if they let the politicians get away with paying lip service. Candidates should be told to produce a proper fishing license, or cut bait. And the test of an angler's fitness to cast his line over this particular (Continued on page 3)

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T.R.B. from Washington

Pushover?

★ If the GOP can't win this one they can't win ever. A sour national mood. A collapsed consensus. A conservative tide running. Inflation over 4 percent. Urban, racial and poverty crises unresolved. A petulant Congress reflecting a petulant country. Fourth biggest deficit in history. The war so unpopular, draft-dodging is socially acceptable. A President so unpopular he bows out.

Platform? The Republicans don't need a platform! They're like the Whigs in 1848 who skipped a platform altogether and won with a war hero, old Zach Taylor, the most ignorant and inexperienced man picked up to that time for the office. Trouble is, the Republicans don't have Zach Taylor (who was dumb enough to be perfect); they have Nixon, who's smart even though he may lack a certain appeal.

It's funny about this war – with no hero. Perhaps that's a symbol of what a flop the thing is. Gen. Westmoreland has been tactfully promoted out of the conflict and now can employ his special aptitudes as head of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Normally, when in doubt at a time like this, the country reaches for a general. Six of them serving on active duty in the regular Army have been nominated, from Taylor to Eisenhower.

The fact is, the man elected this November is apt to be a minority President in one form or another. We doubt if he is able to heal the present intense factionalism, and we don't see him receiving any crashing mandate; not so far, anyway.

The great bulk of enrolled regulars in either party, we imagine, are well enough satisfied with Nixon and Humphrey (and the formal odds are still, as we leave for Miami Beach, that they will be nominated.) What's lacking is enthusiasm. They are liked by partisans but it's rather the matter-of-fact glow of connubial contentment than the passionate ardor of young love. There's ardor for McCarthy, Rocky (and of a different sort for George Wallace) and if one of them gets elected a considerable body of voters will be pleased. But we doubt whether any man this year can stitch the irreconcilables together.

Some things about Vietnam are so stark and simple that they don't need elaboration. After talking about freedom and democracy with President Johnson at Honolulu, President Thieu went back to Saigon and countenanced the jailing of Truong Dinh Dzu, the runner-up in last year's election. His offense? Saying what Robert F. Kennedy said in the Senate two years ago, that ultimately there must be a coalition government in Vietnam to bring peace. For that he gets five years at hard labor. It's as though Nixon wins the election here and jails McCarthy. That's the administration we are fighting to preserve, that's our gallant little ally.

Case Against Congress

★ There's a certain hysteria that always goes with the end of Congress. In this 90th Congress it's a little worse than usual. It has passed only about half of the appropriation bills and must come back to Washington after the conventions. (Some members probably prefer the air-conditioning here to the creamed chicken on paper plates in the hot sun on the hustings of home constituencies.)

The 89th Congress was one of the best in history. Then came the midterm election and Republicans gained 47 seats. That, and Vietnam have made the difference.

The 90th Congress has done some good things. It put through a new Civil Rights Act and a big new housing law. But always there was the White House make-believe that things were going along normally in spite of the war, that there was money enough for welfare and ghettos and Vietnam, too, that expenses would not rise, that the conflict would soon be over.

Congress showed itself in a particularly ignoble phase as it bowed to the gun lobby following one of the sharpest manifestations of public desire the other way in modern times. It showed itself in a rash and feckless phase when it hit about wildly to cut expenditures. It ordered all government civilian departments to fill only three of every four vacancies that occur till employment falls to the level of June 30, 1966. This is as shortsighted and cruel as to tell a 10-year-old boy to keep on wearing his last year's outgrown shoes. The nation expands, the population expands, but Congress tells the service organizations of government to contract.

Why grown men could not see the result is hard to understand. The Post Office Department simply made plans to cut off Saturday deliveries and drop village post offices. Congress capitulated almost immediately, with a silly grin on its face. But other meat axe cuts continue.

Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson have a good paperback out, *The Case Against Congress* (Simon & Schuster), that runs through the list of legislative horrors. They put more emphasis than we would on the venal side, with instances of personal gain and actual corruption. To us the problem of Congress is not so much direct bribes and hundred-dollar bills slipped through mail slots in sealed envelopes as a more general interest-selfishness, a geographical, class and racial bias that makes members react in outrageous ways as a matter of custom. Instances are familiar, like supporting the oil industry subsidies, or quailing before the National Rifle Association, or thinking nothing of owning TV-radio stations at home and browbeating the weak-kneed Federal Communications Commission.

Congress has arranged a built-in recession starting this winter, about the time the new President is sworn in. As the price of voting Mr. Johnson's anti-inflation tax increase it required an additional $6 billion spending slash (Nixon demanded $8 billion).

The combined tax increase and spending cut is the greatest jar to the economy in recent years. The stock market has finally found out about it and has given an anticipatory shudder. The purpose is to slow the economy, which means, of course, fewer jobs.

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The War and the Cities

and all-important stream is quite simple. The cost of the Vietnam war is around $30 billion a year. "When the war is over, are you fully determined that as much as possible of this annual sum should be diverted to the rescue of the beleaguered urban areas where the vast majority of Americans, white and black, now live?" That's the key question to pose to the candidates, whoever they are. Take as an instance to show how the touchstone works, Richard Nixon. On June 23, Nixon said cuts in military spending were "irresponsible"; cut anything but arms. That puts Nixon right behind the people whom Rep. Henry S. Reuss (D, Wis.) accused on July 24 of already planning to gobble any post-Vietnam defense saving, by insisting that once Vietnam is out of the way, military stockpiles must be topped and new military programs launched. If domestic priorities are to be met, said Reuss, "somebody will have to stand up to the military spenders and tax avoiders." Plainly, not Mr. Nixon. The occupant of the White House in 1969 has to be a hawk for domestic problem-solving, a tough guy who'll get Congress moving in the right direction. The way Congress looks like shaping up, he'll need to be very tough, indeed.

John W. Gardner, chairman of the Urban Coalition and former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, told fellow Republicans July 29 that the job ahead is to make "a livable society that does not assault the senses with ugliness nor the mind with mediocrity nor the spirit with bleakness." Fine rhetoric. But Gardner meekly accepted that the end of the Vietnam war may free "only modest amounts of money" for non-military ends. Voters who think the Republicans have a cure for domestic sores should take due warning.

Senator Eugene McCarthy's contrasting position paper on the cities calls vigorously for "an end to promises, messages and speeches which hold forth the illusory hope that we can solve our urban problems without using large-scale public resources." He agrees that it is for every major metropolitan area to establish its own development plan. But McCarthy says that if he is elected he will put large *federal* funds in the hands of mayors, governors and local groups. There is only one place the money can come from. He means to end this country's spending of $30 billion a year in Vietnam, and to put as much as is needed into the cities. "Anyone," says McCarthy, "who promises new programs for the cities without also committing himself to end the war is making pledges that are impossible of fulfillment. I intend to make the termination of the war among the first tasks of my government."

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That's No Bargain

Cars presumably will become still dearer, if steel prices remain at their new higher level. A lot of other things will too; but autos especially are provoking people to speculate if nowadays they're much of a bargain at any price, in spite of all the frenzied ads coming out of Detroit.

Byron Bloch, a Los Angeles auto expert, has uncovered what may be a major automobile design scandal. In late April, Mr. Bloch wrote a Ford vice president that in making an accident investigation of a 1967 Mustang, he had discovered what looked to be a defect in a strut in the car's suspension system. Bloch's data suggest that this strut gives way, with the car veering out of control and crashing. Thus far he has found half-a-dozen instances where 1967 Mustangs which have cracked up also have broken struts. Bloch wanted Ford to call in the half-million Mustangs on the road but got nowhere. Ralph Nader recently took up the case and is urging the National Safety Bureau to investigate whether there is a defect; if so, how serious it is, and if need be, begin a recall. Ford says there is nothing wrong with the strut.

Black Pride and Ghetto Power

New Orleans

Two of what used to be called the major civil rights organizations, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Congress of Racial Equality, put themselves on display at their 1968 conventions in late June and early July and a third, the National Urban League, held its annual conference of corporate supporters, officials, paid and volunteer staff workers here this week. The executive directors of NAACP and the League, Roy Wilkins and Whitney M. Young Jr., addressed the CORE convention, making it the year's most informative occasion of the kind, and CORE's co-leaders, Floyd McKissick and Roy Innis, have held forth since then in several press conferences and radio and television interviews. In consequence, a lot more is known than was known before about how the three organizations view the racial scene – and each other.

They are not fond of each other. "Black Unity" as Floyd McKissick envisioned it last year, in capital letters, with CORE emerging and accepted by the others as "a coordinating agent to assist all Black People," is not about to happen. Whitney Young speaks of wanting "to establish not only the symbol of black unity but also the substance," but neither symbol nor substance is very apparent. An effect, if not a purpose, of his and Roy Wilkins' appearances in Columbus was to put CORE on notice that the most to be expected is what Mr. Wilkins termed "working cooperation or parallel, complementary action . . . in all those areas where we are not parted by strong convictions on strategy or goals." There was a later impression that Mr. Wilkins, who had just been through some tough tussles with his own activist "Young Turks" in Atlantic City, was not enthused by what he saw of CORE in Columbus. He was said, for instance, to suspect that the bodyguards assigned to him were principally intended to protect CORE leaders who had enraged extremists among the delegates by inviting him and Mr. Young to speak.

Whitney Young's warm salutes to his CORE "brothers and sisters," their glad cries that "the brother has come home," and his assurances to them that the Urban League strongly supports *his* version of Black Power (*NR*, July 20), led to news reports that disturbed some of the League's white benefactors and shook many of its older, conservative black officials and staff employees. When I interviewed him in New York a few days afterward, he was busy telling everybody who would listen, that he had not "capitulated to CORE's philosophy" of Black Power and black nationalism. "The interesting thing," he said, "was not that I capitulated to CORE's philosophy, but that they adopted my philosophy." By this he meant that he and CORE, insofar as Messrs. McKissick and Innis may be said to speak for CORE's diffuse elements, are agreed in such matters as building self-sufficient black communities and providing blacks with the choices of a true "open society," in which they may either live to themselves in their own enriched ghettos or move outward and upward in the mainstream of integrated American society. "I said only what I've been saying for the past six months," Mr. Young said, arguing that he had neither abandoned integration as the preferred and ultimate goal nor reversed any of his and the League's traditional stands. This was true in part: he had said in mid-May, in a widely ignored speech in St. Louis, that "the Urban League is interested in power; we've always been interested in power; and we're interested in Black Power – we only fall away when people insist on chanting it or when it relates to separatism or violence." Who has adopted whose philosophy and to what extent, however, is open to question. Floyd McKissick has been talking for at least two years about an "open society," with blacks completely free to segregate themselves or to follow

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what he calls "the death-wish of integration," and CORE has indisputably been ahead of Whitney Young, Roy Wilkins and their organizations in demanding black sufficiency, economic and political, in black communities controlled by blacks. In the McKissick-Innis expositions of this philosophy there is a pronounced note of *local* separatism, confusingly labelled "black nationalism." Whitney Young rejects separatism of any sort in principle, saying in the League's behalf that "We are not becoming a Black Power movement in that we are advocating separation or violence." But he cannot have his new doctrine – and it *is* new for him and the League – that "those who choose segregated living" have a right to their choice and to the support of the total society in attaining it, without also advocating a degree of separatism that he is loathe to acknowledge.

A part of his answer to this is that he and the League have simply recognized the racial arithmetic dramatized by the Kerner Commission and more recently by ex-Senator Paul Douglas' Commission on Urban Problems. The Urban League and to some extent the NAACP have in effect bowed to the assumption – their leaders would say, the inescapable fact – that the process of black concentration in the cities cannot be halted or reversed and that integration in its traditional meaning is a realistic prospect for only a fractional minority of urban blacks. It is in this sense, Whitney Young says, that he now maintains that "integration *per se* is no longer a major objective of the Negro" and is adjusting the Urban League's approach and programs accordingly. "If our concern today was only for integration," he told me, "we would be ignoring the 80 percent of our people who live in segregated communities." He now assumes that most of the 80 percent, and of the millions who will join them in the blackening cities in the next two decades, will continue to live in segregated communities, either by choice or because of circumstances that defy correction. So the League's primary objective, which since its founding in 1910 has been to bring individual Negroes into the white, middle-class mainstream, is now to achieve political and economic power for blacks within their own communities so that they may participate in a "dialogue of equals" with white America. "Real integration," Whitney Young said in his keynote speech to the New Orleans conference, "can take place only among equals," clearly meaning that until equality is established on a communal basis, "real integration" must be a goal deferred though not abandoned.

This "new thrust" would not be the news to most people that it is now if anybody had been listening when the League's senior staff, at a meeting in New York last April 30, agreed upon and announced the revised approach. "We expect to build ghetto power, to give the poor a voice in the community, by working with them on a street-by-street, block-by-block basis," Mr. Young said then. The question is, how interested is the black ghetto in the biracial Urban League's entry into competition for ghetto power with CORE, with SNCC, with the innumerable local factions of Black Powerites who probably have more actual ghetto appeal than any of the national organizations?

The proceedings at this conference made the question seem less relevant than it is in theory. The National Urban League describes itself as a "line" organization, tightly run from the top, of 1,500 professional race-relations experts with a small membership based in 90 local leagues (the New Orleans league has only 40 members and officers, all drawn from the city's white and Negro middle classes). It has its quota of paid and volunteer workers grown or growing old in their comfortable roles of employment agents and "power-brokers," speaking for Negroes to white society. In a characteristic moment of unintended candor, Whitney Young referred to the Washington, D.C. league as "one of our few chapters with a real constituency." But, although 25 percent of the paid staff and more than half of the local members are white, the 2,000 or so delegates and other participants who thronged the Jung and Roosevelt Hotels were mostly black. An impressive proportion of them were alert young men, looking as if they were ready for any executive suite. A good many sported the badges of black activism – beards, medallions, high-neck sweater shirts, and a few wore African over-shirts. There were flashes of activist rebellion at the business sessions of voting delegates, with demands (well-smothered) for more local autonomy and more representation of black youth and ghetto communities on the bi-racial board of 60 national trustees. The league of professionals stood up well when they exposed themselves to direct communication with New Orleans' black poor at workshop sessions in neighborhood schools. These affairs were somewhat synthetic, contrived for national effect through the press and on television. But there was nothing false about the pleas of black citizens, men and women, for help in mustering effective community leadership, in getting some control over their

"CALLING ALL DELEGATES"

In the special, adless July 27 issue of this journal, the editors invited comment – "if only a word of approval or disapproval" – on the theme of that week's lead note. The response exceeded expectation. Hundreds of letters were received, the vast majority strongly approving. A small selection appears on pages 20-23.

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police, in dealing with the bureaucratic maze now professing to serve the poor; or about the black, middle-aged New Orleans businessman who shouted into a league microphone, "If I have to continue being a second-class citizen, I don't give a damn – let's burn the whole thing down!"; or about the responses of league staffers from all over the country who showed that they had heard it all and dealt with it all in their own communities and were at least groping for answers and for ways, short of guns and fire bombs, to make the questions real for white America.

Trying now to establish a new identity and find a new base in the black ghetto, the Urban League still looks without apology and without misgivings about its effects on the black constituency to what Whitney Young called here "the real elite of the white community, represented by its creative men and women in the arts and sciences, in big business and in government." It looks especially to big business, to the big foundations, for supporting influence and money. James A. Linen, President of *Time*, Inc., took over the National Urban League presidency this week from Lindsley F. Kimball, a semi-retired executive of various Rockefeller philanthropies. Whitney Young hoped to rope David Rockefeller for the board of national trustees, but had to settle for such new members as Edgar Bronfman of Seagram's, William Batten, of the Penney stores, Stanley Marcus of Neiman-Marcus of Dallas. About $250,000 of the Urban League's operating budget of $3.6 million (more than twice the rival NAACP's) came from black contributors last year, the rest from white individuals, corporations, foundations. The budget this year is up another $2.5 million, $2 million of it for the first phases of the New Thrust, and Mr. Young confidently expects to get most of the new money from the same white sources. It is in essence an undertaking to translate white power into black power, and after watching the Urban League's people, black and white, in their well-managed performance in New Orleans, I have a hunch that it will have more success in both societies than you might expect.

Not that whatever success it has in the black community will come naturally or easily. Some 30 young militants in a local outfit called Black Youth for Progress moved in on the conference on its last afternoon, took over the rostrum and the microphones, and with their harsh demands for help on their terms demonstrated that the gap between the ghetto as it really is and the League as it has been is wide indeed. Whitney Young, handsome and immaculate, in a white dinner jacket at the closing banquet that night, compared the League "going out into the ghetto because we must," with a sailor launching a rowboat upon a stormy and unknown sea.

John Osborne

A New Party

A couple of weeks ago, Senator McCarthy drew between 10,000 and 15,000 supporters to the Merriweather Post Pavilion at Columbia, Md., a "new city" on the suburban rim of Washington, D. C. Before giving their candidate a five-minute standing ovation, 1,500 of these people, registered voters in Maryland, signed petitions to put a fourth party on the ballot in that state. A heavy ratio of Senator McCarthy's grass-roots supporters aren't ready to give up if their candidate loses in Chicago. Their reaction is typical of McCarthy supporters throughout the country.

In Maryland, as in six or eight other key states, the final success of New Party workers will depend upon a legal assault on the barriers written into state law by the protectors of the system to prevent the formation of a new party at the strategic moment, i.e., when the conventions of the two major parties have, in effect, disenfranchised millions of voters by selecting candidates unacceptable to important segments of the voting public. Maryland is typical. The New Party (this simple case was chosen by its founders at a meeting early in July) is only a few weeks old. In that time, its workers have overflowed a 14-room headquarters suite in downtown Washington and expanded their efforts into most of the 50 states and the District of Columbia. Coordinators have been named in nearly half the states. Maryland is active.

Maryland law required 43,000 signatures by July 31, well ahead of the major party conventions, when the efforts of the New Party will either be meaningless or will be backed up by a new flood of volunteers now working exclusively for one of the candidates (McCarthy, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller or Sen. George McGovern). After 10 days of soliciting, several hundred New Party workers in Maryland had 8,000 to 10,000 signatures, enough to show an appreciable interest but not enough to give them any hope of meeting a deadline then only a few days off. The strategy of the New Party calls for them to continue to collect signatures through September, hoping to pile up enough to qualify and then hoping for a federal court ruling that will give their party a place on the ballot. The same strategy is being used in Massachusetts, where the July 23 deadline for getting 62,000 signatures passed just as a healthy New Party group was being put together in that state.

A two-pronged legal assault on the barriers of deadlines and unreasonably large signature requirements is being planned by a group of volunteer attorneys. Arthur Strout of Washington, D. C., one of these attorneys, says the cases will be argued on a constitutional basis. Strout says that "the system is designed

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to perpetuate the power of the two major political parties and prevent the development of a serious political movement by moderates" at the very time when such a move is significant – after the two conventions have named their candidates. Ohio is a case in point. There, 15 percent of the vote cast in the last gubernatorial election (thus 433,100 this year) is required in signatures by Feb. 7, long before the issues have been defined and the personalities sorted out in an election year. Third or fourth party efforts, such as the Dixiecrat movement in 1948 and Teddy Roosevelt's Bull Moose Party in 1912, did not take shape until after the major party conventions. Strout cites these precedents for his argument that early deadlines hinder genuine grass-roots movements at the strategic time.

Even if the legal assault fails to tear down the barriers, the electoral count of the various states shows that the New Party workers can still get on the ballot in enough states with a high enough electoral count to give their effort a sense of realism. If the Peace and Freedom Party, which is on the ballot in three key states (Michigan, Pennsylvania and New Jersey with 67 electoral votes) already closed to the New Party, should decide to cooperate, it is possible that only a handful of important states would be excluded and, in these, a write-in effort might be tried. P & F is also on the ballot in California and will probably qualify in New York but the New Party still has time to get on the ballot in both of these states, making it possible to qualify without negotiating with P & F.

Here is the breakdown as Martin Carnoy, the party's campaign coordinator, sees it: The deadline has passed in 14 states with 191 electoral votes (Alaska, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Nevada, New Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas and West Virginia). But subtract the three P & F states, and it becomes 124 electoral votes out of a total of 538. Carnoy considers it "unlikely" that the party will qualify in seven additional states (Arkansas, Georgia, Idaho, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota and Wyoming) with 45 electoral votes. Add this to 124 and you have 169. But he says it will be "easy" to qualify in 12 states with 118 electoral votes before the Democratic Convention in Chicago (these are Arizona, Colorado, Delaware, Hawaii, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, New York, North Dakota, Rhode Island and Virginia) and "likely" that before the convention the party will qualify in 11 more plus the District of Columbia with 94 votes (Florida, Illinois, Louisiana, Maine, Montana, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Vermont and Wisconsin). Thus, the party would be on the ballot in states with 212 electoral votes by that time.

In addition, three states (Connecticut, Tennessee and Washington) with 28 electoral votes are "likely" after the convention, bringing the total to 240 if all goes well. Add California, where "independent" electors can be filed with 330,000 signatures up to Sept. 7 and you have 280, over half the electoral college total.

If the New Party scored everywhere possible (except in its legal battle) and made an accommodation with P & F, it would still be possible to qualify in all but the 11 states in which the deadline has passed and P & F is not on the ballot. The remaining 39 states and the District of Columbia have 402 electoral votes, enough to give any party a viable base.

(In Missouri, with 12 electoral votes, the situation is clouded by confusion over the applicable state law and in Alabama, with 10, New Party organizers are awaiting the outcome of the credentials fight at the Democratic Convention before acting. Both are included in the 402 total.)

New Party organizers are proceeding on the only assumption they can – that Vice President Hubert Humphrey will be nominated by the Democrats and former Vice President Richard M. Nixon by the Republicans. This prospect has brought the organizers many recruits. In Maryland, almost the entire Kennedy youth organization joined the New Party effort. Many newly-appointed Democratic precinct workers in the District of Columbia, all loyal to a Kennedy slate in the spring, are circulating petitions. In Maine, two of the four electors chosen were pro-McCarthy delegates to the state convention in the spring. A former McCarthy state organizer heads the effort in Montana. In Illinois, Paul Booth, an early SDS leader, has put together a "strong" organization.

A major aim of the New Party leadership has been to ensure the new organization is not primarily white "liberal" or white "radical." A fair share of the party's presidential electors (their names are on the petitions) are black – 3 of 10 in Maryland, 2 of 3 in the District of Columbia and 8 of 25 in Illinois, for example. The New Party leaders also avoid talk of candidates, although it is no secret that Senator McCarthy, Sen. George McGovern, Mayor John Lindsay, Sen. Mark Hatfield and, possibly, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, would have some following. The big push will come after Chicago if the outcome of the Democratic and Republican conventions (platform, credentials fights, the nominee) is completely unacceptable. At that point, New Party lawyers will be ready to file suits in federal court challenging restrictive laws in all states in which the deadline has passed. A convention will be called to pick a nominee. If the outcome of either convention is such that the people who would be attracted to the New Party have a home in November, the effort will fade out.

Paul Wieck

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The Charms Race

White Magic in The Pentagon

During the civil war in the Congo some years ago, rebel tribesmen came to believe that they were magically impervious to the firepower of the Congolese Army. While their fear of the government forces diminished, the Army's fear of them grew in proportion. Thus it was necessary that decision-makers in Washington, contemplating a difficult and dangerous situation with incalculable international consequences, call in CINFAC to study the "supernatural aspects of the present insurgency situation."

CINFAC came to some interesting conclusions. Although colonial administrators had discouraged witchcraft for decades, magical practices had maintained their currency among the indigenous population because Western legal codes had eliminated effective "witch-control measures" such as the poison ordeal. Since Independence, witch doctors ("a more precise but less familiar term would be magico-religious practitioners") had actually increased their influence because the shock of social change had induced a "return to traditionalism." Under the circumstances, it seemed to CINFAC, the possibility of employing magical procedures in counterinsurgency operations was "obvious and tempting."

In order to "neutralize and overpower the magic spells cast by insurgent witch doctors," it would be necessary to gather detailed operational data and to develop a varied arsenal of medicines and charms. There was no doubt that "countermagic tactics" would be effective in the short run, but the insurgent witch doctors would naturally develop their own countermeasures. CINFAC was appalled by the prospect of a charms race. Mindful of its nation-building obligations to "establish a viable political system," CINFAC concluded that the proliferation of witch doctors would little serve such a purpose. Besides, systematic firepower could be counted upon eventually to disabuse the rebels of the notion of their magical invincibility.

At the time of the witchcraft study, CINFAC was the Counterinsurgency Information Analysis Center at American University working under contract to the Department of the Army. Since the scandal of Project Camelot and its study of "internal conflict" in Chile in 1965, CINFAC has become CINFAC – the Cultural Information Analysis Center. Its work is not held in especially high repute even within the circle of contract research centers, universities, and commercial enterprises which do some $13 million of social science research in foreign policy for the Department of Defense annually. But the crackpot reactionary flavor of the Congo study is hardly untypical of DOD-sponsored research.

In its hearings on the subject this summer, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has, for the inevitable reasons of political expediency, focused on the utility rather than the political objectives of such research. Senator Fulbright has also questioned the propriety of the Pentagon sponsoring ten times the dollar volume of research of the State Department and one third the federal government total in the field. To these arguments, John Foster, Director of Defense Research and Engineering, replied that civilian analysts "temper the purely military view with political, economic, and social perspectives" and demonstrate the "limitations as well as the capabilities" of military power. Foster also cited the need for social information in the case of military interventions in Lebanon, the Dominican Republic, and Vietnam. It was unclear how the "limits" of military power were demonstrated by sponsored social research in these cases or any others.

To the contrary, the "Pax Americana" study, undertaken by social scientists in the pay of Douglas Aircraft, has suggested, "probably the most important future role of the Army will be the role of nation-building and keeping secure the frontiers of the US imperium. Relevant here is the Army's past and

Meanwhile, Back at The Shoot

After all the poor mouthing in the House of Representatives, John D. Dingell (D, Mich.) arose and asked that body to spend $500,000 so that hunting preserves might be maintained on military bases. With scarcely a murmur of dissent, his colleagues agreed to the proposal by voice vote. Twenty-eight million acres of land are involved, and they have no conceivable military purpose. But rather than turn this land over to the National Park Service, it is maintained by the military so that local base commanders can ask along businessmen, politicians and other cronies for a weekend of bird shooting. Although this proposal was opposed by the Bureau of the Budget, and had never been put forward before, only two Congressmen, Charles A. Vanik (R, Ohio) and Hugh L. Carey (R, N.Y.) declined to go along. Their arguments were quickly choked off, and the measure was sent to the Senate.

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present role in the Philippines, Taiwan, Europe, South Korea, Thailand, and South Vietnam." "But, it should be clearly understood," an assistant to the Secretary of Defense wrote Fulbright, "that the study's conclusions and postulated objectives do not necessarily reflect the views or policies of the Department of Defense."

By the time of its completion, the Pax Americana study had been felicitously retitled "Strategic Alignments and Military Objectives." In its report last year, the Panel on Defense Social and Behavioral Sciences recommended that the DOD state its "needs in terms which are meaningful to the investigator rather than to the military. To ask people to do research in 'counterinsurgency,' 'guerrilla warfare,' etc., not only produces a less than enthusiastic reaction but also provides no basis for insight into the ways in which they might contribute." The panel also recommended an internship program for social scientists and a better lobby in Congress. It was distressed that these studies are normally read by no one very important and suggested that the "problem of implementation" be investigated.

The social scientists are naturally concerned that DOD give them as much money as possible. Many of the professional associations have protested the abridgement of "free inquiry" resulting from the post-Camelot policy of State Department review of DOD research projects. The social sciences panel, a nominally independent body of the National Academy of Sciences, consists mainly of Pentagon consultants. But, the uninitiated are less impressed by DOD's social research. Admiral Hyman Rickover suggested to the Foreign Relations Committee that a "study of 'Witchcraft in the Pentagon' might be germane."

Michael Miles

Supersonic Chicken

by Stephen Barber

It is an intriguing commentary on how well brainwashed we have become that almost any technological wonder that gets the Madison Avenue treatment is taken for an accepted reality before it actually exists. Indeed, before the Apollo tragedy, it was already beginning to look as if the arrival of the first American on the moon was so inevitable that it could well come as something of an anti-climax.

A case in point is the SST-Boeing 2707, or, as it has been renamed lately, the Dash-200 (a change that, in itself, seems to lend substance to this dream aircraft).

The fact is that it is still very much in the research and design stage – and seriously behind schedule, at that. What is more ironic is that Boeing, which won the US government supersonic transport competition in December 1966 against a bid from Lockheed, would now dearly love to change the very feature of their proposal which most took the judges' fancy. The 2707/-200 was to have a swing-wing. Lockheed's designers stuck to the fixed, delta wing configuration.

But swing-wings, in 1966 at least, were definitely the "in" thing. Robert McNamara's controversial pet, the TFX that matured into the General Dynamics F-111, has one. And at that time, of course, it was widely held to be merely such churlish folk as Senator McClellan who doubted whether this all-purpose machine, with its money-saving "commonality" for Air Force and Navy duties, was all it was cracked up to be.

So persistent is the legend of the infallibility of US industry/government decision-making in certain circles in Europe that we now find in Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's *The American Challenge* a whole chapter devoted to Concorde, the Anglo-French SST.

In his admiration of the US – which derives as much from honest misconceptions as frustrations with things European that are justifiable – this French editor swallows the Boeing SST whole. To him it is real, and here, and about to become airborne, right on time. And why not, for have not glossy artists' conceptions of the 2707 in flight been freely distributed to magazine and newspaper offices across the world?

He dilates at length on the swing-wing development, explaining how it permits the US plane to "fly at three times the speed of sound" and then slow down to sub-sonic speeds on arriving over populated areas, thus avoiding the "bang" nuisance. "American supersonic aviation is based on the commercial imperative

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of never demanding completely new ground facilities," he observes – a statement that hardly seems to be borne out by the imminent entry into service of 350-seat "jumbo" planes far sooner than most airports will be able to handle them.

He also accepts that not only will the Boeing achieve the speed stipulated by the design-award (Mach 2.7), but both the range and load capacity. It will take 300 passengers, he wails, against Concorde's projected 136 at Mach 2.2.

Unhappily, it turns out that not even the engineers at the Seattle firm are claiming this any more. They have run into so many snags that the projected aircraft is already over 25 tons overweight *on paper*, and if it is to have a range of 4,000 miles, as specified, it is not going to lift much more than 200 people.

This has been depressing news to airline executives who have taken "reserved positions" – that is, bought places in the line for orders – for the Boeing. It begins to look as if the company will have to ask for more time to prepare its detailed design, due for submission to the Federal Aviation Administration next January. The first prototype, assuming no more snags occur, which is unreasonable, might then take the air by 1973 or 1974. And deliveries to users can scarcely begin before another year to 18 months thereafter.

Concorde, on the other hand, which has had enough troubles of its own and will doubtless have more, too, actually exists. Of the first two, the one built at Toulouse by Sud-Aviation is due to fly first although the British twin is in the same state of readiness at Filton, near Bristol. They may fly this year.

Naturally, the British Aircraft Corporation is pleased about Boeing's troubles. The spreading gap between the American SST's entry into service after Concorde means that airlines which were inclined to do without supersonics until the Boeing arrives may recalculate.

Only 74 of the Anglo-French SSTs have been "reserved" thus far by some 15 lines representing 70 percent of the western world's traffic. They are unwilling to lock up money for delivery position at this point, but BAC thinks there will be a rush once Concorde is literally off the ground. Pan-American, for example, is on the books for eight now but will "need" more than 20. The 74 may grow to over 200.

What is cheering up the Anglo-French team more than anything is the fact that, although there has been no fanfare about it, the airlines are investing substantial time and money to collaborate in the project as interested customers. Pan-American again has a senior vice-president heading an engineer group that has been feeding BAC its opinions, ideas and suggestions on what should go into the machine. And theirs is not the only firm which, to BAC's delight, has been putting in long, and expensive man-hours at Filton and Toulouse, thus indicating serious commercial interest.

The irony of it all is, of course, that back in 1964 when the Labour government came in, Harold Wilson wanted to back out of the Concorde project as an economy measure. The US, perhaps for not exactly disinterested reasons, is said to have strongly urged such a step. Then it was President de Gaulle who blocked it: he threatened to haul the British before the International Court at The Hague and face a breach of contract suit if they welshed on the deal. Now, with de Gaulle back in the saddle again after the early summer's uproar, it is better than even money he will press on with Concorde, no matter what.

This is all irritating to the Johnson Administration, strapped as it is by the vast costs of Vietnam coupled with a Congress that has come close to mutinying against voting sorely needed funds. The US aviation industry is definitely not going to raise the money on its own to build a commercial SST – and has been honest enough to make that very plain all along. In short, there is a growing body of opinion in both government and the industry that says it would be a great day when a deal could be struck with Paris and London to call off this vastly extravagant prestige game of international supersonic "chicken."

To be sure, the Russians have their SST well advanced – it will be nip-and-tuck whether they get it in the air before Concorde. But there are those who say: let them . . . go fly a kite!

Sir George Edwards, managing director of BAC, on a visit to the US earlier this year threw out hints about the possibility of broadening Concorde into an Anglo-American-French scheme. No doubt, Chancellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins would like very much to see a third partner admitted – but not the US. He, after all, caught the full blast of de Gaulle's jove-like wrath when, as Minister of Aviation, he had to go to Paris to try and wriggle out of the deal earlier – the Frenchman insisting that the project must go through if the skies of the world were not to be wholly surrendered to the US colossus.

There is a further reason, too, from the US viewpoint why it would be nice if the Anglo-French plane failed: who wants to go supersonic? The price of each machine grows steadily more fearsome – $20 million each is the latest Concorde estimate, with the Boeing far more – and the airlines are committed already to the mammoth airbusses. The capital costs involved in the wholesale re-equipping called for in the early 1970s will certainly break the backs of several lines that now flourish – just as the switch from propellers to jets in the early 1960s forced so many to the wall, except that the figures this time are of a wholly new and astronomic order of magnitude.

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UNMILK

Cowing the Consumer

by David Sanford

American industry has improvised a way to produce an imitation milk which by some accounts is indistinguishable from the real thing, equivalent in nutrition, and, not least, very cheap to produce. It is white, comes in cartons, has a commercial name with lactic associations (Moo, Mello, *Mil*-KAY, Farmer's Daughter) and, where it has been introduced, has begun to steal the market from nature's most nearly perfect food. The producers of artificial milk already have 80 percent of the whipping cream market (with their non-dairy creamers) and in Arizona, ersatz milk, one year after its introduction, has eight percent of the market on the way to 10. Imitation milk, and filled milk, which contains some milk solids but vegetable oils in the place of butterfat, may soon relegate milk to one of the lesser, but nevertheless genuine luxuries of life, something to be found with the specialty foods and as rare as fresh mashed potatoes in restaurants.

Imitation milk has become the single greatest preoccupation of the trade groups and industry societies concerned with dairy products – a matter for aesthetic, nutritional, and most of all economic discussions. And the talk provides an interesting case study in how businesses are able to rationalize making money.

Imitation milk typically contains water, corn syrup, vegetable fat (usually coconut oil), sodium caseinate (the ingredient common to all powdered coffee whiteners such as Pream, Coffee-mate, Cremora and derived either from milk or soy beans), potassium phosphate, salt, and various other chemicals, artificial color and flavor, vitamins, and minerals. Filled milk is similar in composition but includes in addition a certain amount of non-fat milk solids. Where filled milk has been marketed it sells for between 10 and 15 cents less per half gallon than the real thing, and because it is still cheaper to produce affords a greater profit margin. Robert F. Holland, the head of Cornell University's Food Science Department, has made price comparisons to show the competitive advantage unmilk has over its dairy equivalent. Coffee creams sell in general for between 45 cents and 49 cents a pint, while coffee whiteners (industry prefers the term "non-dairy creamer" for its obvious connotative value) go for 24 cents to 29 cents. Whipping cream sells for 60 cents to 65 cents a pint. Synthetic whip, 35 cents to 39 cents. Butter 79 cents to 85 cents per pound; margarine 22 cents to 47 cents. Milk 26 cents to 27 cents a quart; "moo, etc." 19-and-a-half cents.

"Not only are the wholesale or retail prices of these imitation products lower but in general," Holland says, "profit margins are greater. For example, one company manufacturing the basic constituents of coffee whiteners claims an average retail price of 29 cents per pint, an ingredient cost of 6 cents leaving a margin of 23 cents to cover processing, distribution and profit. It is small wonder that imitations have gained popularity with both processor and consumer." Production costs for milk and other dairy products are such that they cannot compete and distributors are said to handle coffee cream, for example, at a loss. The PR departments of the food processing companies invariably can find a number of reasons to justify their interest in imitations, but the line of reasoning with the greatest suasion for their directors is the economic fact that there is more money to be made in chalk water.

Protectionist legislation in the dairy field is elaborate, and effective in inhibiting the incursions of ersatz products. Margarine was in the courts and in legislative battles for years and persons over 25 are likely to remember the laborious process of squeezing plastic containers of oleo to disperse a little orange coloring spot to make it look like butter. There was little reason for laws prohibiting precolored margarine except in the eyes of the dairy men.

Filled milk, under current law, cannot be sold in interstate commerce, for no particularly good reason except that it keeps Guernseys giving milk. (The law's ostensible basis was a concern about adulteration of dairy products and the health and safety of the consumer.) Increasingly, the Filled Milk Act is being opposed both by dairy farmers and the more flexible processors, who would like to get into the imitation milk business, because it is now felt that it unnecessarily restricts innovations. Some dairy men would prefer that the law be amended and that the price of nonfat milk solids used in filled milk be raised so as to

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offset the competitive advantage filled milk would have over what is now "the more expensive drink." Imitation milk constitutes a greater threat since, without any milk derivatives, it is altogether outside the laws pertaining to milk. There are few compelling reasons for retaining the harsh milk laws (one is that they incorporate requirements of hygienic conditions in processing plants that do not apply to the production of unmilk). Theoretically, the laws of the marketplace should prevail and the consumer should be given an option to buy either milk or something similar and cheaper. But the aestheticians of milk would protect the public from itself and from the diminishing quality of life as reflected in the food people consume.

Where imitation milk is already on the market – principally on the West Coast – housewives are buying it in ever increasing quantities. Not because they particularly like its taste, although it's okay, but because it helps their budget. And quite often its use seems to be among poor people with large milk-drinking families for whom a few cents a quart makes a big difference in subsistence. There is serious question whether artificial milk, particularly, approximates the nutrients in milk. Advertisements of the non-dairy products make claims for low cholesterol, protein equivalence, etc. – which many authorities say cannot be sustained. The National Dairy Council, which admittedly has its own interests to protect, has sponsored research showing that filled and imitation milks are inferior sources of protein and contrary to advertised claims are worse or no better for persons on "low cholesterol diets" than milk itself: "The fat used in many products is based on hydrogenated coconut oil, a fat notably high in saturated fatty acids. . . . Products identified as imitation milk are in no sense a nutritional replacement for milk in protein, minerals, and vitamins."

Those poor families who are unsophisticated in seeing beyond advertising claims and making the associations intended for them to make by market researchers thus are getting products which may do them a dietary disservice. In January, the National Dairy Council convened "six leading nutritional authorities" and obtained from them unanimous agreement that "The imitation milks and certain filled milks as formulated today are unsuitable for infants and children . . . unsuitable not only from the standpoint of low content of protein, essential amino acids and minerals but also, because of the type of fat used, namely coconut oil. These products were also judged to be potentially harmful for other vulnerable age groups such as pregnant and lactating women, and persons on marginal diets such as those in low-income groups and the aged." Ersatz milk has certain distinct advantages over milk in that it is easier to control flavor stability, may be less vulnerable to spoilage and the action of microorganisms, meets Jewish dietary laws (which forbid the use of cream in coffee when meat is also served) and so forth. But such matters are secondary to nutrition and aesthetics.

Hugh Schwartz, president of San Francisco's Communications Research Center, has done group interview studies for clients in the phony milk business, and has documented the cynical assumptions of the unmilk producers. Schwartz worried about any challenge to "milk and motherhood" and wondered if 21- to 39-year-old housewives with children and a family income of less than $10,000 would go for white water. He found that "even with a product category as basic, as traditional as milk, the consumer was prepared for any kind of change as long as it looked like milk'." The women were worried about cholesterol and were persuaded that if claims for the fats in unmilk were made they would purchase it. As one of Schwartz's respondents said about powdered milk: "at one time I used only fresh milk, but then this other is so much cheaper." The picture he draws is of consumers worried about money, who believe in progress, who fear heart attacks, and who trust the regulated food industry not to do them in: "I wouldn't feel concerned," one woman said, "because we know we have these drug and food laws which protect us. . . ." Schwartz concluded with his recipe for marketing success. "A creative merchandising policy could alleviate many of the consumer's hesitancies and doubts, by stressing perceived positives: a different kind of milk – a technological improvement; a new, improved processing permits longer shelf life; less cholesterol; less expensive, but just as nutritious; and, by using supplemental descriptive phrases to alleviate the negatives in the word 'imitation'."

If processors are successful in repealing or modifying the federal Filled Milk Act and the laws in at least 30 states which prohibit the sale of filled milk, the market will abound in facsimile dairy products. Already many companies are laying plans for entry into the grocery stores of imaginative products. Procter & Gamble is producing a poly-unsaturated fat that may replace coconut oil in filled milk and make claims concerning the cholesterol issue in chalk water more accurate. Loma Linda Foods of Riverside, California is planning mass marketing for an imitation milk, using no milk products but rather soy protein, that the company hopes will compete with cow's milk. Marsh Food Stores, in Indiana, have recently introduced a new frozen non-dairy "ice cream." Clover Meadow, Meadow Gold, Borden and Carnation all have lines of wholesome looking chalk water.

The pressures and the profit picture are such that, as these examples illustrate, the dairy business itself is introducing lines of ersatz products. The processors,

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in theory, have no vested interest in cows, or at any rate, are adaptable enough to retool and replace them with the mechanical bovine equivalents. And when the day comes when it is no longer profitable to put out dairy products at all they will likely not be too upset. It is the dairy farmer, the man with the cows, who in most cases will be left holding the bag. But the more enterprising dairy men themselves are providing for the future. *Farm Journal* reports that dairy men are enthusiastic about filled milk since milk solids are an essential ingredient. And some of the more enterprising dairy men are themselves going into the manufacture of filled milk.

Once the nutritional snags have been worked out, as many predict they will be, and once soy bean milk can overcome *its* flavor problems, and once the consumer has been "educated," several other problems remain to be solved before the unmilk men can prevail in the supermarket and at the dinner table. The laws must first be amended, to permit interstate shipment and sale of filled milk. From the dairy farmer's point of view price controls must be established which would eliminate the competitive edge held by filled and imitation milk. And finally "standards of identity" must be devised that will give the products a name which is not deceptive, which does not trade on the good name of milk, and which will make the new foods sell in the supermarkets. Fortunately the antagonisms and the obstacles are so great as to make each of these problems difficult of solution.

The Milk Industry Foundation, whose name suggests that it cares about milk, is as ready as anyone to try electric cows. MIF has proposed a "model law" which would allow adding or deleting dairy and nondairy substances from dairy-like products, and standardize the labeling requirements imposed by the states and federal government. MIF is also considering proposals to recommend changes in controls imposed by the Department of Agriculture, lowering the price of butterfat to make it competitive with coconut oil and raising the price of nonfat milk solids to drive up the costs of filled milk products. Such a scheme, while ensuring the continued professional lives of milk cows, is not likely to be supported by food processors who know very well that unless their simulates have a significant price difference they will be unable to find buyers. The whole history of new foods is of products similar but not the same, edible but hardly delectable, useful only when economy is the main criterion. What makes the difference is the convenience and the cost, and where economy counts, which is nearly everywhere, they are in use. Milk will go the way of cream too if it remains more expensive. Changing the cost structure to eliminate the advantage in imitation dairy products would be to keep them off the market. Unless the Filled Milk Act is modified the dairy industry will be unable to push what it has to offer to the simulate business. So long as nonfat milk solids cannot legally go into filled milk, the sodium caseinate will have to come from soy beans, and the non-dairy imitation milk that results will be free of all the protectionist legislation originally patterned to the needs of the dairy farmer, but now outmoded.

It is more likely at the moment that the laws will be further strengthened to resist the incursion of ersatz. Rep. Samuel S. Stratton of New York has a bill pending in the House which would 1) prevent imitation and filled milk from being packaged in milk cartons or other containers so similar to those customarily containing milk as to confuse the consumer 2) prevent imitation and filled milk from being sold alongside dairy products in supermarkets and 3) forbid the use of the word "milk" in promoting nondairy products.

The Food and Drug Administration has proposed standards which would require imitation milks to meet certain standards of composition and nutrition and would call them "imitation milk." Many who have commented on the proposal object.

In fact most everyone agrees that "imitation milk" is not the proper appellation for chalk water. It isn't milk, say the dairy men, and shouldn't ride on milk's good name. (After all the industry has spent a mint convincing everyone of the virtues of sweet fresh milk.)

The Milk Industry Foundation would allow the term "imitation" for filled milk but not for a totally nondairy product.

The American Medical Association would reserve the term for products which are established to be nutritionally equivalent or superior to cow's milk, requiring other nomenclature for the rest.

The ersatz milk men, making for a consensus, reject "imitation milk" as a term, not because of the milk part but because of the term "imitation" which they know all too well translates "inferior."

The FDA's standard setting action may have an effect on how the products are sold but will probably not keep them off the market. In about 20 states it is legal to market imitation dairy products and filled milk intra-state. There is probably no way to resist progress and there are, of course, those who in this case have no wish to try. But others feel that until the Rockies crumble and cows run dry they will side with the majority of Michigan cats who recently were offered their choice of moo and milk and turned up their noses at the former. The *Dairy Industry Newsletter* reports that "of an eight-cat panel, 37.5 percent completely rejected imitation nondairy milk; 75 percent prefer the natural milk to the nondairy imitation; and 25 percent seemed satisfied with a nondairy imitation."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Hit and Myth

Two new films prove yet again that art and justice have little to do with each other. Both films are about Negroes. The first is slick, slickly confected, commercially intended; the second is independent, personal, seriously intended. The first is amusing and enjoyable; the second is a petrifying bore.

For Love of Ivy, which stars Sidney Poitier, is based on an original story by Poitier. Original, that is, in the venerable Hollywood sense: "Let's make a new picture right down the middle of the old alley." Poitier is a big-shot gambler with a heart of gold who runs an honest business as a front. (Clark Gable? Spencer Tracy?) Two rich teenagers, brother and sister, cook up a plot to involve him with their family's maid (Claudette Colbert? Irene Dunne?) so that, with male attention to keep her from being restless, she'll be content to remain in their family's Long Island home. The gambler has to be blackmailed into meeting the maid; she is equally reluctant to meet him. Of course the pair are destined to fall in love. The only missing step in the formula is Loathing at First Sight. Instead we get here an immediate statement from both that they have no intention of marrying – each other or anyone else.

For Love of Ivy
(Cinerama)
The Story of a Three Day Pass
(Sigma III)

Naturally the formula has been given plenty of contemporary data. There are hip references and swinging dialogue. There is that bed scene which is now par for the intercourse. And at the end, no misty march to the altar, just a modish mutual resolve to stick together and see how things work out. But all the above is only new chromium on a standard model. *Ivy* is one more bon bon from Nevernever Land except – and the exception is the whole point – this time the lovers are black.

Already there has been some stiff comment about this film's betrayal of the principles of black liberation, about its subscription to bourgeois ideals and fantasies. Some of this comment has come from people who applauded Poitier's last picture, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, a Stanley Kramer opus that rubbed longlasting 5-Day Deodorant all over that nasty race problem so that it could sit next to us at table. In my view *Ivy* is more honest and certainly more skillful. Unlike Kramer's picture, it does not temporize fantastically with grave issues, it opts completely for the fantastic. Under the well-spun floss it seems to be saying: "You want integration? OK, we're going to integrate you out of your minds. We're going to integrate with white America's heritage of 20th-century pop myths."

The only valid question for this film is: Does it use its myths well? Are we presented with two engaging vicars in a romance that we can vicariously enjoy? The answer is yes.

I missed, deliberately, Poitier's three other recent romances (of differing kinds), *Lilies of the Field*, *A Patch of Blue*, and *To Sir With Love*. Nothing I heard or read about them persuaded me that they were my brand of cop-out. I went to *For Love of Ivy* principally because the title role is played by Abbey Lincoln, who was quietly charming three years ago in *Nothing But A Man* (a far superior film to either under review). She is even more charming here.

As an actress Miss Lincoln is competent enough, but I would not be surprised to learn that, where the role exceeded her ability, it was tailored back to fit. She is not conventionally pretty, although she has lovely eyes. What she has is an irresistible personality: tender, vulnerable, humorous, and endearing. If she gets enough good parts that lie within range of her easy dignity and truth, I see no reason why she should not be the first big female Negro film star. There may not be much more to her than the convictions of her person, but they are enough to make her worth watching, pleasurably, for some time to come.

Poitier leveled off as an actor quite a while ago, but it is a good level, always forceful and credible. As a star, he has entered into the tacit sex-dialogue that is a requisite between a star and his audience. I saw the film at a matinee attended by lots of ladies of both colors and all ages. When Poitier stepped out of his car to make his entrance, a sigh went around the theatre, an embrace of welcome. When Miss Lincoln visited his *Playboy*-type pad and he appeared in a v-neck pullover with no shirt beneath, there was a puzzled but expectant sigh. ("Why so un-chic, Sidney? But of course you must have your reasons. Forgive us for doubting. We'll wait and see.") In the bed scene, where he seemed to be naked, I had to switch off my audience radar. Too lurid.

Daniel Mann directed, and his outstanding quality here is his reliance on his stars. For instance, in the inevitable ultimate reconciliation after the inevitable penultimate quarrel, there is a long scene in which Poitier kneels next to Miss Lincoln's chair and talks her round. Mann very wisely just puts the camera on them, fairly close, leaves it alone, and lets their personalities work, which they do.

The history of films is, in one mythic aspect, the history of dangers and problems given ninety minutes of reprieve, whether runaway railway trains or impregnable class barriers or the heroine's blindness that is cured in time for the final fadeout. We all enjoy it when well done because, briefly, it endows the chaos of the adult world with the sane order of the nursery. Here the subject of race has been fed into smooth, expensive romance, signifying that the concern about it is now widespread enough to breed widespread appetite for brief respite *in both black and white* (I was in a mixed audience); and signifying, too, that at least some Negroes have now reached a position to exercise the franchises of genuinely mass fantasy. In *Ivy*, Cinderella has been updated, enough to make it topical, not enough to distort

(Continued on page 23)

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Books and the Arts

Family Matters

by Lawrence Graver

The times are suspicious and the idolatrous biographer is rare; *our* best Lives are measured, inquisitive, revelatory: Blake's *Disraeli*, Holroyd's *Strachey*, Ellmann's *Joyce*. Yet here, twice in a fortnight, are authors who draw almost entirely on the vocabulary of praise, Ronald Clark describing the Huxley dynasty from Thomas Henry to the present and Mrs. Huxley celebrating her marriage to Aldous at the end of his life.

The Huxleys
by Ronald W. Clark
(McGraw-Hill; $8.95)
This Timeless Moment
by Laura Archera Huxley
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $6.95)

For many of the achievements recorded in Clark's chronicle the eulogistic language fits. The patriarch, affectionately called TH, moved out of an obscure schoolmaster's family to win praise during the 1840's for research in marine biology. Elected to the Royal Society before he was 26, Huxley at his wedding breakfast enjoyed the company of Joseph Hooker and John Tyndall, and was told by the absent Charles Darwin: "I hope your marriage will not make you idle; happiness, I fear, is not good for work." Darwin need not have worried. Through sleepless nights that summer, Huxley read Kant, Hegel, and scientific Dutch. In the late 1850's, he published learned papers, wrote for the quarterlies, lectured to workmen, sired four of his eight children, and played a role in popularizing Victorian mountaineering. Respected by his peers, he was adored by cab drivers, who refused his fares, and by laborers, who treasured his autograph, because "He have done me and my like a lot of good, no man more." His celebrated career as Darwin's "bulldog" began with a *Times* review of the *Origin* and at 35 he successfully confronted Bishop Wilberforce at the British Association meetings in Oxford. When Wilberforce asked whether Huxley traced his descent from monkeys through his maternal or paternal line, TH answered with his now famous preference for the ape over the posturing prelate. In the 1860's while serving as president of the Geological Society and professor at both the Royal College of Surgeons and the Royal Institution, he wrote dozens of books and essays and became the most widely known controversialist of his generation. Even his attendance at 170 London School Board meetings in less than a year could not erode his forceful wit. Hearing that his adversary Wilberforce had died from a riding accident, TH remarked: "For once, reality and his brains came into contact and the result was fatal."

Huxley's son Leonard edited the *Cornhill* and fathered Julian and Aldous. Young Julian's antics impressed both his grandfather and his tutors. "I like that chap . . . he looks you straight in the face and disobeys you," said TH; "his one failing is an invariable belief in his own infallibility," said a master. After earning biology honors at Eton, he won the Newdigate prize for poetry at Oxford and bought a binocular microscope with the proceeds. He began his career as a biologist at Rice Institute in Texas and soon won international fame as a zoologist, humanist, polemicist and broadcaster. From 1935 to 1942, he directed the London Zoo, and for two years after the war served as first Director-General of UNESCO. Like his grandfather, Sir Julian has been under all conditions an immensely productive and resourceful talent. At the height of the London blitz, he kept the zoo's records of animal reactions under fire to prove that fright from fire flashes was less prevalent than had been anticipated.

Aldous' brilliance was more wayward. At four, gazing into space, he responded to his godmother's question: "What are you thinking about, dear?" with the answer: "Skin." Overcoming the early shocks of his mother's death, a brother's suicide, and his own frightful blindness, he became in the 1920's the most commanding of the Huxley grandchildren. *Chrome Yellow*, *Antic Hay*, *Those Barren Leaves*, and *Point Counter Point* made him famous at 30; and between 1927 and 1935, he wrote 18 books of fiction and *belle lettres* to become one of the most influential and liberating of English writers. When he encountered Sam Goldwyn for the first time, he was told: "I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Huxley. I understand you're practically a genius."

If this trio were not enough, Clark sketches the careers of several dozen other Huxleys who have earned distinction in the professions, arts, and sciences; most recently, Aldous' half-brother Andrew, the Nobel laureate in physiology for 1963. Through this elaborate and detailed tapestry of lives, a composite portrait emerges. Eloquent, versatile, indefatigable, the typical Huxley is fiercely dedicated to using his immense knowledge for the general good. "If I were not a man," TH once told an acquaintance, "I think I should like to be a tug."

Yet despite Clark's roll call of the illustrious living and the dead, one comes away from *The Huxleys* with the feeling that some of the most fascinating challenges of the family history have not been adequately met. At one point early in the narrative, Clark records Henrietta Huxley's recollection of the "great beam of jewelled light" that fell on TH and herself at the marriage altar; and through much of this book dozens of Huxleys are bathed in the radiance of Clark's uncritical admiration. Acting on the principle that "my subject's enemy is my enemy too," he draws the majority

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of Huxley opponents as fatuous, unenlightened, or self-absorbed. Nearly every argument is settled in the family's favor and any discrepancy between the popular and private image of the Huxleys is credited to public misunderstanding. The results are often laughable. When Cyril Connolly, Raymond Mortimer, and C. M. Joad deplore Aldous' late preoccupation with mysticism, Clark argues that their hostility was occasioned not so much by Huxley's beliefs as by their subjective feelings about the artificiality of his California environment. Only one critic of Aldous' occultism is given respectful attention: Lawrence Collier, his cousin, and a Huxley.

Clark's language, like his loyalty, is another unhappy reminder of family circle accounts. TH is a "stern seeker after truth," whose "ambitions were soundly hit on the head . . . with a regularity that steadily, throughout the 1850's began to drive him into depression." When Aldous writes 150 book reviews in a 12-month period, Clark says the "dousing in the cold water of magazine journalism had an astringent cleansing effect on the bone structure of his writing." And, finally, TH's grandchildren "transformed his individual traits into a new pattern of intellectual vigor, a family delight in swinging heroically into battle, argument between teeth, from one metaphysical chandelier to another above dark ethical mysteries." After this, it is almost a relief to learn that Aldous "was motivated largely by the nagging desire to understand reality. He was under its influence for nearly half a century."

One could forgive the style and the special pleading if Clark faced up to the complexities of the lives he so carefully documents. There is obviously more to the Huxley story than unparalleled and progressive achievement; but mental illness, suicide, and dark dissatisfactions interrupt Clark's narrative only to be dismissed as tests for heroes to survive. Julian's breakdown in 1913 proves "that a Huxley could emerge augmented rather than diminished from the far side of experience." Trevenen's suicide the following year is linked to his being "overscrupulous, over-sensitive, over-honest," too much the idealist. Years later, when Julian is oppressed by work, he does not crack because "he had never been the sort of man to draw down a firm line between work and play."

The authors of the Romanes Lecture, *Chrome Yellow*, and *Evolution* are not easily explained by such psychology. The charge of complacent simplicity has, of course, been made against the Huxleys, most recently by A. O. J. Cockshut, who called TH the last representative of the "plain old English, no-nonsense school, with its hasty prejudices, [and] common-sense cleverness." – one of "those strong, simple, immensely energetic, confident, moralistic men, who had never heard of Freud, and ignored Marx, Kierkegaard, and Nietzsche, the makers of the world we know." Although Clark quotes part of this estimate, he fails to consider its implications. If the charge is true, then his final evaluation ("even in an age of giants [Huxley] had been head and shoulders above the rest") must be carefully qualified. Above Mill? Newman? Darwin? Carlyle? If the negative charge is false, then more attention should have been given to the deepening pessimism and complexity of Huxley's thought in the 1880's.

But the person who suffers most from Clark's singularity of method is Aldous, the most protean and puzzling of the Huxleys. Few men of genius have provoked so wide a range of contradictory response. Like Auden, Huxley has been called the cleverest man of his generation, but (as Elizabeth Bowen has shrewdly noted) he is also "the stupid person's idea of the clever person." His admirer, Isaiah Berlin, has argued that "perhaps no one since Spinoza has believed so passionately or coherently or fully in the principle that knowledge alone liberates"; and yet, Edmund Wilson – a less friendly observer – has shown that Huxley smugly rejected much of the pioneer wisdom of Freud, Lenin, Einstein, and Joyce. Was Huxley "the compleat wise man" or a walking miscellany? Did he, on the seeds of psilocybin and LSD, explore uncharted realms of thought and feeling on the sterile labyrinth of his own preconceptions? By what complex process did he pass from the disruptive iconoclasm of *Antic Hay* to the serene mysticism of the late essays? And was that mysticism the product of growth or the tyranny of desperation? Surely, whatever one thinks about the relative merits of early and late Huxley, there are materials here for a fascinating intellectual biography, the kind of book Noel Annan wrote on Leslie Stephen or Phyllis Grosskurth on John Addington Symonds.

If Mr. Clark offers little guidance along these lines, Mrs. Huxley unwittingly provides damaging evidence for those who believe that Huxley after fifty was gullible and self-deluded. Under her scrutiny, every object associated with Aldous is a relic, every word a revelation, every document a sacred text. Trivial postcards, comment on the weather, dinner talk of no merit – everything is painstakingly recorded; and as one reads on in *The Timeless Moment*, the discrepancy between the event described and Mrs. Huxley's reverential commentary becomes greater and more comic. The memoir covers the years 1956 to 1963, and through its pages Huxley is shown responding with equal enthusiasm to dianetics, magnetic passes, hypnosis, LSD, mescalin, psilocybin, General Semantics, automatic writing. The Bates method of visual reeducation, palming, Zen, and a Drive-in Wedding Chapel in Yuma, Arizona. In nearly every case, Mrs. Huxley treats his interest as an example of intellectual expansiveness and courage; the man who in the twenties was steeled against sham appears here totally unwilling to make certain kinds of discriminations.

When Huxley speaks vaguely of the fusion of subject and object, his wife tells us: "I did not understand, but I knew that he knew, and that, sometime, I would also know . . . in the silence of the large house, in the roundness of that day, there was his knowing, there was my ignorance. I was aware of both, and of the absence of conflict between the two." Preparing to take LSD, she asks her husband: "Is there anything I should do?"; and of his reply ("Nothing – just be as you are") she writes: "Was it naïveté rather than wisdom that made me pass over that statement so lightly?" When Huxley – under the influence of psilocybin – insists that "the pure light *is* the greatest ice cube" and that mystic withdrawal from commitment to the ordinary world is "absolutely cata-

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strophic," she lovingly records his words and her own commentary:

> "'Absolutely catastrophic.' Those two words are said with the most earnest and profound conviction. The voice is not raised, but each letter is as if sculptured on a shining block of Carrara marble – and remains sculptured on the soul of anyone who hears it. It is a definitive statement: one cannot isolate oneself from one's fellows and environment, for there is no private salvation; one might 'get stuck' even in the Pure Light instead of infusing it in 'Love and Work,' which is the direct solution for everyone's life, right here and now. Love and Work – if I should put in a nutshell the essence of Aldous' life, I could not find a more precise way of saying it."

At times, Mrs. Huxley's flights are so high that she lapses into illogicality. What, for instance, is a reader to make of the following sentence (and how did it get past her editors): "Although Aldous was not interested in proving or disproving a theory, or his opinion of it, he was interested in finding whether a theory, when applied, gave the expected results." Even at his most susceptible, Huxley must have had defenses against this kind of reasoning.

After his wife's memoir and Clark's one-dimensional sketch, Huxley remains a mysterious figure; but two books now underway should bring him into a fuller and more satisfactory perspective. His letters are being collected, and Chatto and Windus announced last month that the novelist Sybille Bedford will prepare an authorized biography. By the end of the 1960's, Huxley should emerge more clearly.

Roots of Modern Anti-Semitism

by Jeffry Kaplow

A more appropriate title for this book might be *French Jewry in the Eighteenth Century*, for only one third of it is truly concerned with the relationship between the Jews and the Enlightenment, or rather certain enlightened thinkers. The first two-thirds is a good, sober, classical account of what Jews were up to in their communities of Bordeaux, Bayonne, Avignon and Alsace Lorraine, with an occasional sideglance at Paris. The literature on these matters is immense (there are at least two book-length bibliographies), and Hertzberg has made good use of it all, including the archival resources of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York and of several French depositories. He adds little that is new, and there are points on which a considerable number of questions may be posed. Most of all, French Jews are not sufficiently placed in the context of the larger society, and this leads to debatable interpretations. One example: the successful struggle of Catholic merchants to keep Jews out of the Parisian guilds in 1776 must be seen as part of the ongoing battle for monopoly privileges against the challenges of new men of whatever status and origin, rather than as simple anti-Jewish conduct.

The French Enlightenment and the Jews
by Arthur Hertzberg
(Columbia; $12.50)

I would also have wished for fuller treatment of the social structure of the Jewish communities and of their cultural life. As it is, Hertzberg limits himself to showing divisions between rich and poor and to a few remarks about the intellectual contributions of a few outstanding Jews. The meat and bones of history – how and why the Jews lived, acted and interacted as they did – is too often lacking here. These flaws we may leave to the examination of the specialists, but even the general reader ought to note that they are a result, in part, of the way in which the book has been conceived and therefore of a certain approach to the writing of history, one that confers primacy on the influence of somewhat abstract ideas upon human conduct. That ideas have force is foolish to deny. The vexing question is always: why do ideas arise in certain times and places and, above all, why do they attract an audience?

If this book has a *raison d'être* as something more than a summing up in English of earlier research, it is because of Rabbi Hertzberg's startling, thought-provoking and ultimately incorrect thesis. "The era of western history that began with the French Revolution ended," he writes, "in Auschwitz." That is to say, the ideas of the Enlightenment, put into effect by the revolutionaries, gave birth to a new kind of anti-Semitism, whose final result (if not solution) was the death of six million Jews in Nazi extermination camps. No longer did men have to believe in the Jews as the murderers of the one true God in order to hate them. One could now despise Christianity and the Jews at the same time, the latter more than the former, because Judaism is seen as the mother of religious perversity, that stumbling block to modernism and progress. It was Voltaire, Hertzberg argues, who spelled it all out for the first time and whose influence was the most destructive. His celebration of the forms and values of the classical civilizations of Greece and Rome led him to see the Jews as Orientals inherently inferior (through their religion if not their race) and unassimilable into the good society. And whatever may have been his own recommendations as to what to do with the vicious outsiders, his authority was often invoked to justify anti-Semitic oppression.

Now, I am perfectly willing to admit that Voltaire (and others: d'Holbach, Diderot) did not like Jews. This may have been due to their failure to free themselves from the influence of their Catholic education, as Peter Gay has suggested in his *Party of Humanity*, as well as to their love for classical models. I do not say this because it seems reasonable in the light of their hostility to all forms of revealed religion and their ignorance of the Jews as anything but a religious (as opposed to an ethnic or cultural) group. There is no need to apologize for them because they shared, perhaps even in certain ways reenforced, the prejudices of their times. We may be a bit disappointed, for we expect better from these attractive thinkers. Still, I do

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not believe we would be right to make the Enlightenment or the Revolution responsible for the rebirth of anti-Semitism in 19th- and 20th-century Europe, or even to speak of the "ambiguous legacy" of one or the other or both.

What may be said is that the bourgeois society inaugurated by the French Revolution, and of which Enlightenment ideas were one of several philosophic expressions, was itself full of contradictions, not least of all the one that existed between the generous *élan* of 1789 and the xenophobic nationalism of a few years later. The Revolution promised liberty, equality, fraternity. It kept none of these promises, although it made substantial progress towards the fulfillment of all three. The bourgeoisie that made the Revolution sincerely believed that it was creating a great society for all of humanity. Later, its class interests forced it to restrict membership in Utopia. That Jews, those immemorial enemies, should have found themselves the victims of the ensuing restrictive covenant is not surprising. But it must be pointed out as strongly as possible that this was a consequence not of the victory of the Revolution, but of the defeat of its early promise. The one solid fact amidst all the rhetoric is that the Revolution did emancipate the Jews.

For Hertzberg, "the liberal age in Europe was . . . made by the new intellectuals who first appeared in power in the French Revolution. It was to be devastated by the heirs and successors to the anti-Jewish intelligentsia that appeared in the very midst of these events." This is a statement that is at sharp variance with the facts, at the same time as it betrays an excessive ethnocentrism. Insofar as intellectuals (or better: the intelligentsia) occupied the seats of power, they did so as bourgeois intellectuals, it being impossible for them to escape their socio-historic situation. They were never alone, and the liberal age was rather more the work of banker and boss than this formulation allows. After World War I, the structures and values of liberal society cracked because they were incapable of containing the thrust of working-class unrest and the right wing response to that unrest. The anti-Jewish intelligentsia may have profited from the debacle, but they hardly created it.

Hertzberg has done well to dismiss as inadequate the old argument that modern anti-Semitism is nothing but a medieval remnant that would disappear with the spread of universal education. He has not, however, shown us what the roots of modern European anti-Semitism are, and I submit that he cannot do this upon his present assumptions, the connections between ideas and action being more complex and less abstract than he will allow.

A final word. Hertzberg is most disturbing when he makes anti-Semitism into an adjunct of left wing politics, in the manner of J. L. Talmon and Hannah Arendt. Insofar as nationalism has before the present century been a left wing phenomenon, insofar as Jews have served as scapegoats in the rhetoric of the left as in the rabble-rousing of the right, insofar as anti-Semites have succeeded in tantalizing and misleading men who, under normal circumstances, formed the clientele of left parties, and, above all, insofar as we understand that the left in question is the republican left of pre-1914 Europe, there is something to the allegation. It is when insufficient differentiation is made between the pre- and post-1914 left that the issue becomes clouded. When liberals begin to demonstrate the left filiation of 20th-century anti-Semitism, without realizing that what was left in 1789 and 1848 was distinctly right after 1914, the stench of red herrings comes quickly into my nostrils.

THEATRE

The Democratization of Art

Dionysus in 69
(The Performing Group at The Performing Garage)

The title of *Dionysus in 69* is a good clue to its purpose: the pounding of a Greek myth into the erotic mortar of the off-off-Broadway movement. This loose adaptation of *The Bacchae* sends up Euripides in much the same way that Joseph Papp's *Hamlet* sent up Shakespeare, but its sexual obsessiveness brings it closer to O'Horgan's brand of theatre where the pelvis becomes the actor's primary organ of expression. Where The Performing Group differs a little from the La Mama troupe is in the emphasis it gives to audience participation. Richard Schechner's notion of "environment" theatre, partly derived from Grotowski, partly from The Living Theatre, is meant to invite the spectator into the action so as to end his isolation from the stage. And so, after having been admitted into the Wooster Street garage as though into an Eleusinian mystery, you find yourself sharing a perch with several actors atop one of various wooden structures, or (if you are less lucky) squatting below on a dirty rug while trying – without inhaling odors from the assorted feet, buttocks, armpits, and mammaries that are being exposed near your nostrils – to draw a cool breath from the steaming atmosphere.

The steam is contributed by the New York summer, but it is perfectly appropriate to what follows: A string of sexual exercises in which the more intrepid are invited to join (one or two do occasionally, very passively and very self-consciously). None of this gets past the petting stage, but it is clearly meant to suggest an orgy whose justification is to be found in the myth: Schechner sees the Dionysian impulse primarily as a libidinal affair. This interpretation would undoubtedly have surprised the Greeks who looked upon Aphrodite, not Dionysus, as the embodiment of the erotic instinct – Dionysus was considered the source of drunken frenzy, hallucination, and irrationality, with sex as a possible result but hardly a motivating drive. For this reason, a more accurate modern parallel to Bacchic dissociation would

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have been the drug experience, since it is hallucinogenics rather than fraternity-house sex play that induce the kind of transcendent religious possession suggested by Euripides. In any event, the effect of all these perambulations is not to involve the spectator but rather to isolate him further as a voyeur in a stag show, watching Pentheus become the victim of some overheated Bacchantes who make passes at his genitals, and of Dionysus who tries to bugger him.

At the same time that the actors are flexing their sexual muscles, they are also doing physical preparations: Much of this long uninterrupted evening is taken up with isometrics, Yoga, calisthenics, and posturepedic exercises. Here The Performing Group has the opportunity to demonstrate the process by which it evolved the show, but it is curious to note once again how small a part words play in this process. *Dionysus in 69* uses only about a third of Euripides' play in the Arrowsmith translation, supplementing this with sections from *Hippolytus* and *Antigone*, and with a considerable number of ad-libs from the actors; yet, language is always being buried under gesture. The more interesting images – Pentheus being dragged through the greased legs of four or five women in a rite of birth or puberty, or running frantically around the environment trying to stifle the whispers and hisses of the Chorus – have virtually nothing to do with any coherent dramatic purpose that I could divine.

Obviously, these performers are not interested in interpreting a play – however audaciously – so much as in expressing themselves: We are exposed to quite a bit of group therapy, as the actors withdraw from their roles and begin to discuss their personal hang-ups. As in the O'Horgan production of *Tom Paine* where the action is broken off for a bull session with the audience on Current Events, this discussion remains at the intellectual level of the actors – which is not very high. Hippie colloquialisms alternate with the psychiatric jargon of Dr. Rose Franzblau. One actor tells another, "You've got a thousand and one insecurities," others discuss their "frustrations" and their need to "verbalize." I hope these analyses prove therapeutic for the actors; I can testify that they do nothing for the observer, except to convince him that it's more fun to be on stage than in the audience. Naturally, I recognize the need for spontaneity in the theatre, but if process is to take the place of results, and an audience is present, then this process had better be interesting. Most of the time, however, The Performing Group is merely indulging private moments, revealing lives of considerably less significance than one has a right to demand in the theatre.

Still, by relative standards, there is a looseness about this company that makes me prefer it to the more mechanical La Mama troupe, along with flashes of wit that occasionally illuminate. No member of the group is a finished actor – or even a started one, for that matter – but all the performers are relaxed and athletic, and one is even personable. William Finley, who plays Dionysus, has an owlish hipster charm with his steel-rimmed glasses and long hair, and he has the capacity to improvise cogently ("I am running for President, that's right, who else have you got?"). Haranguing the other actors with a bullhorn, Finley manages swift subtle shifts between his role and his own personality that provide the evening with its only focus. His final peroration, however: "There is an urge in America – to have freedom – not bullshit freedom but real freedom. . . . . This might mean burning down a slum and listening to the screams. . . . . Freedom from responsibility – get guns" is a violation of the Artaudian principles on which this project is presumably built, since it incites to violence instead of evacuating violence in the theatre through significant myths. But then, the American avant-garde seems more and more to be reflecting the convulsive nature of the country, on the right and the left, as it leaves the world of art and tries to become contiguous with life.

Alas, I must still try to measure theatre by the standards of art, and by these standards it is presenting a sorry spectacle. The off-off-Broadway movement which began so promisingly with *America Hurrah*, *MacBird*, and the experimental probes of the Open Theatre, is now cultivating its worst faults, developing an anarchic Philistinism which virtually throws the writer out of the theatre. The playwright, John Osborne, commenting on a similar development in the English theatre, calls this "democracy gone mad. It ignores the premise of art, which is that somebody can do something better than you. The assumption of all those happenings is that everybody can do it as well as everybody else. Some clod flashing lights on a wall is doing something as significant as putting pen to paper." The democratization of art (and sex is popular with the avant-garde because it is the great equalizer) is the inevitable consequence of a culture where everybody is encouraged to do his own thing, and excellence gives way before permissiveness. But while all this self-expression is undoubtedly exhilarating to those who practice it, it could spell the end of history, literature, and tradition while banishing craft and inspiration from the arts. For the arts, including the theatre, are the culmination not of self-indulgence and accident but of discipline and imagination. What may be coming now is a theatre of liberated, arrogant amateurs – a theatre where there will be no more spectators, only performers, each tied up in his own tight bag.

Robert Brustein

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Calling All Delegates

Sirs:

Perhaps your despair isn't deep enough (July 27). You only briefly mention the possibility that some liberals may vote for Nixon "as a way of registering their disapproval of the present Administration." If there is no fourth party, many liberals may cancel their fishing trips and vote for *Nixon because he is the greatest of two evils.* Such liberals are not necessarily being self-destructive. Several times now in public gatherings I've heard a strange voice from within me say: "I'll vote for Nixon if Humphrey is the alternative. Maybe we do need a revolution year after next." Most of us are not gamblers in such grave matters as the future of our country. We are beginning to wonder, however, if it won't be necessary to gamble.

Butler Crittenden
Lafayette, Ind.

With restraint and candor, your editorial describes the genuine state of crisis in the nation. In the language of my profession, you are performing a crucial prophetic function. I hope the delegates listen!

Peter James Lee
Assistant Minister
St. John's Church
Washington, D.C.

"Calling All Delegates" speaks eloquently for the young people in this country, who have worked tirelessly from New Hampshire to California in the belief that the American political process would respond to the will of the people.

The Democratic Party now faces a most serious choice – if it nominates a man who represents policies repudiated in primary after primary, it in turn repudiates the democratic ideals on which we were raised, and tells us that the will of the people does not matter to those in power and that we do not in fact have a voice in choosing our own leaders. Under those circumstances, the young people will be forced to leave the Democratic Party, and find other ways to make the necessary changes in national policies, very possibly through a fourth party.

There can be no question as to the students of America supporting Mr. Humphrey. *We* have no deals to make, and we refuse to be betrayed once again by a party which spoke of peace in 1964 and instead gave us four more years of war and 25,000 of our own young people dead. We are not interested in Humphrey's call for "unity." We are interested in the American people's call for decency and honesty and change.

Janet Lynn Berenson
National Coordinator
Students for an Alternative Candidate
Washington, D.C.

Your leader for July 27 was absolutely fantastic. Competent, well reasoned, well written, it should be distributed to every delegate, at least. At best, it should be distributed to every American older than six.

Elton W. Caton, Jr.
Arlington, Va.

Approval is too mild a word for your remarks in "Calling All Delegates"; approbation would express my agreement more nearly.

Julia Rumph
Winston-Salem, N.C.

"Calling all Delegates" is a masterfully written editorial. You have my hearty word of approval.

Peter L. Rosegg
New York, N.Y.

Experience has taught me to anticipate strange disturbances of *NR's* judgment during presidential election seasons. Thus, I am not surprised to find Rockefeller's bland clichés greeted as "new politics" nor to see a Rockefeller-McCarthy combination suggested, even though the governor's views on the war are not appreciably different from Johnson's (*vide* N.Y. *Times*, July 21). But I was not prepared for the childishness and even the malice of "Calling All Delegates." After more than a decade of appreciation of Humphrey's liberal temper, suddenly, without a sign of gratitude, he is purged on phony charges (racism, boss politics, etc.) and hurled into the ranks of ogres (*viz.*, reactionaries), all because, like children and fanatics, *NR* cannot imagine how anyone can commit what it takes to be the cardinal sin (and a ridiculous one at that), without sacrificing all character and humanity. Then, speaking for the young McCarthyites, *NR* menaces the reader with threats of violence and insurrection if the enthusiastic tyros don't get their way in Chicago . . . because – don't you see? – that would be evidence that the democratic process has broken down. I am confident that sense will prevail at *NR*, and it won't cancel its subscription to American politics, regardless of what the coming issue looks like.

Hiram Caton
University Park, Pa.

Since you ask for comment on "Calling All Delegates" I hasten to send you my complete approval. My views of Humphrey coincide with yours, although your richly documented case against him goes far beyond personal taste. Unfortunately, Hubert is not going to withdraw. The office of President is the ultimate achievement that no politician can decline if he thinks he can take it.

If the condition of the country were not so grave I would follow someone's advice in 1964 and vote "No" for President. Although I am far from being an alarmist it does seem to me that our system might collapse if it can produce nothing but hacks like Humphrey or Nixon at a time when greatness is essential to cope with a backlog of awful problems. I am for McCarthy, although like many other of his supporters I am skeptical about his ability to administer the office of Chief Magistrate.

Brooks Atkinson
Durham, N.Y.

Please! Now you are beginning to insult our intelligence. To compare 1860 with 1968, to compare James Buchanan with Hubert Humphrey, to compare the Democratic Party of the 1850's

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with the Democratic Party of the 1960's, to compare the slavery issue with the Vietnam issue – it is simply bad history, if not downright silly.

The New Republic is one of my favorite journals, but let's stop being hysterical!

J. Stanley Lemons
Providence, R.I.

In response to "Calling All Delegates," how can you fail to be aware that Eugene McCarthy never had a Chinaman's chance either to be nominated or elected President? He is an extremist, and just as unrealistic as Barry Goldwater, in his way. Hubert Humphrey, on the other hand, is one of the genuinely great men of the 20th Century, and I consider it a magnificent accident of history that he now stands in an almost certain position to be nominated and elected President of the United States.

Your editorial is utterly trivial and without significance. You cannot change American history, fortunately. You are talking, but no one is listening. It is possible that your absurd arguments may lead a few people to vote for Richard Nixon who otherwise might have voted for Humphrey, but even here I am sure that your influence will be essentially nil.

I have nothing against Eugene McCarthy. He is a man of character, who says just what he thinks, regardless of political consequences. So does George Wallace. My great admiration for the American political system is based to no small degree in the historical principle that such men as McCarthy and Wallace cannot be elected President of the United States. . . .

Hugo Hartig
Oshkosh, Wisc.

Has it occurred to you that you may be speaking for a relatively small liberal minority who have become so distressed by the Vietnam war that they are unable to think objectively about the issues in the present political campaign? You bitterly reject Humphrey and Johnson, who you must know have done more to enact liberal programs into law than any public officials in our recent history. Wouldn't you enthusiastically approve of them if it were not for the war? Isn't your criticism of the war based largely, if not wholly, on hindsight? Can you now outline with any certainty a policy expressing the views of a majority of liberals opposing the war, that will assure an honorable peace better or quicker than the one we are following?

Don't you know that by urging liberal Democrats to abstain from voting, in case Humphrey and Nixon are nominated, you are in effect supporting Nixon? And, assuming that the majority of Democrats indicate they want Humphrey, are you not, by threatening to withdraw, serving notice on the majority that, if they go against the minority's views, the minority will defeat them by helping to elect a nonliberal government they both oppose? Is that your idea of how a democracy should function?

C. E. Childe
Cambridge, Md.

Your lead note for your issue of July 27 is like water in the desert. Reading it was true refreshment, even though the message is not one to make one sleep easily. It is good to have the truth so unflinchingly stated and it makes one want to do everything he can to press toward victory for the brave and wise Eugene McCarthy.

Thank you for your galvanizing call to battle.

Marjorie MacBain
Crawfordsville, Ind.

"Calling All Delegates" is a cogent, beautifully organized, powerfully written editorial. It cannot be answered. If Johnson can't run, neither can Humphrey. You were wise indeed to publish during this important week. I am glad. . . .

Emmett Swisshelm
Long Island City, N.Y.

Your address to convention delegates (and I am one) in issue of July 27 takes note of the grave storm clouds facing the delegates. Too much blood has flowed and is threatening to flow in Vietnam and here at home for the usual levity of a political year. If Johnson, Humphrey, and all of the Republican candidates continue to insist that we must impose the Thieu-Ky regime on South Vietnam, and a majority of Americans think otherwise as shown in the heavy voting of the primaries and in the polls, something in the present political party system is going to give.

In the context of 1968 the Johnson-Humphrey-Nixon-Reagan view on Vietnam has been declared obsolete by the voters. Rockefeller has gone halfway toward a new view, but like McCarthy he needs to come out for a new government in Saigon.

There will be radical dissatisfaction with the conventions if a majority of the delegates choose to disregard the grass-roots feeling about what we should do about the war and correction of the system at home. This is not a year when voters will be content to stay home if neither of the candidates represents their views. They see that a third party based on race hatred and violence is doing well. They know that one which will lessen militarism and racism will do even better.

Robert L. Kealy
Oconomowoc, Wis.

Allow me to commend you for your superb editorial, "Calling All Delegates."

I have always been impressed with the liberality of your thinking and the caliber of your writing, but in this editorial you have reached new and resplendent heights. You have inspired me to redouble my efforts on Senator McCarthy's behalf. I am writing my delegates today.

In giving us an extra (and unselfishly adless) issue, and this editorial in particular, you have performed a noble public service. Thank you.

Vive La New Republic!

Vera L. Timm
Dayton, Ohio

Your editorial, "Calling All Delegates," was, without qualification, the best I have ever read. If Hubert Humphrey is nominated, the two-party system shall die. If Hubert Humphrey is nominated, the two-party system *deserves* to die, which may be just as well. If the system has come to subvert the interest of the public by exploiting the machinery of democracy to defy the popular will and in fact constitute a new form of tyranny, then it is imperative that the system be radically altered to insure that electoral democracy does not soon become a total travesty butt-

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ressed by the arms of repression. In any serious attempt to assure the effective participation of the public in its government, even the existence of the bipartisan tradition must not by default be considered indispensable, as if 168 years of American politics have canonized the two parties as the sole possible method of an effective popular government. The issue is too crucial not to explore whether the function of democracy could now be best served *without* the existence of political parties.

John Kyper
Burlington, Vt.

Your cavalier interpretation of the primaries and conventions in "Calling All Delegates" is appalling. As to the primaries, to save space for what I have to say I refer you to Professor Paul T. David ("The Primaries Are Deceptive," *Washington Post*, July 21, 1968) for refutation.

In the conventions, the McCarthy people used the system – in most instances imposing harsher restrictions on proportional representation than were imposed on them. In Minnesota they swept all delegate positions in the three districts in which the first conventions were held, allowing no quarter. Later they pledged for proportional representation at district conventions at which they found themselves outnumbered. This pattern was used in state after state, and their protests were taken up by a press only too eager to get a "man bites dog" story.

What we are witnessing is a tyranny of the minority, whose idea of an "open convention" is one they win. I'm tired of the "drop-outs" and the "walk-outs" among the McCarthy people, and of their threat that the technique they have used in one state convention after another will be repeated at Chicago.

Fortunately, not all among them are so disrespectful of the system that allowed them to have the impact they already have had on the political process. Some have the grace to understand that their charges of "party boss" are unbecoming when they are leveled at volunteers who've given weeks and months of their time, in off-election as well as election years, working at building the party, dealing with issues, protecting the system that allows the choice.

Those of us who support Hubert Humphrey – as I do vigorously – welcome them into political participation. We can hardly be blamed if we hope their enthusiasm for the issues and for reform of the system lasts into the years ahead, when there might not be a television microphone at their lips or a newspaper reporter at their side with pencil poised.

The real test of political commitment is staying power. Hubert Humphrey combines his vision of a greater America with staying power. That's why he represents to us the best example on the American scene of the kind of ability, dedication, and just plain hard work that goes into progressive legislation. Political commitment is not a short-lived "kick" with Hubert Humphrey. It's a way of life.

Margaret S. Thompson
Rochester, Minn.

Too bad your voice in the wilderness is not "vox populi." At least here in California the ground is already more than fertile for a Hitler American style.

There should be a reprint of the article in every newspaper from coast to coast.

Mildred Winne
Sunland, Calif.

I say thank the Lord for "Calling All Delegates." You have said what needed to be said clearly and courageously and have even given a little hope to those of us (thousands, I believe) who simply will have to stay at home rather than vote for Humphrey, or Nixon or Wallace.

I also say, thank you.

Margaret H. Merrell
Ethete, Wyo.

Your lead editorial this week, "Calling All Delegates," as well as your decision to publish during these important weeks is commendable.

Regardless of good intentions, or whatever Mr. Humphrey may have had in mind during the past four years, he no longer deserves our support. Kurt Vonnegut, in his novel *Mother Night*, says something like you are what you pretend to be, so be careful what you pretend.

I rather regret that you seem resigned to Nixon's nomination. Governor Rockefeller still seems to me to be a man worth working for, certainly preferable to Mr. Humphrey, and I had hoped you would speak more for his candidacy, if only because it would make Sen. McCarthy's nomination by the Democrats seem more politically necessary.

John C. Hyde
Richmond, Ind.

Since Robert Kennedy's death, most of his former supporters – particularly young ones like myself – have remained in what can best be described as a state of temporary political suspension. Being unable to support with much enthusiasm any one of the remaining contenders for the Presidency, we are groping for a new candidate to carry on Senator Kennedy's crusade for reform.

Our dilemma derives from the fact that none of the present candidates measures up to Robert Kennedy. Vice President Humphrey, Senator McCarthy, Governor Rockefeller, and Richard Nixon all leave much to be desired, and none combines all the attributes that made RFK ideal. I would, therefore, like to suggest a new name for consideration as a candidate around whom we can perhaps all rally. The man I believe would make an excellent President at this time is Sargent Shriver – our present ambassador to France, and former Peace Corps and Poverty Program Director – an individual who combines the qualities of an inspirational leader with those of a decisive administrator and executive. His wide experience in both foreign and domestic affairs, and his mastering of tough – if not impossible – assignments, suits him well for the difficult tasks of the Presidency.

Having close ties with both the present Administration and the Kennedy wing of the Democratic Party, Shriver would be an ideal candidate to heal the divisions within the Party and, more importantly, within the country. I personally see Sargent Shriver, therefore, as a promising alternative to our present choices, and recommend him as perhaps the one individual who can champion the cause of peace and re-

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form with the same spirit and chance of success that Robert Kennedy brought to the campaign.

Robert J. Russo
Rutgers University

I would be remiss if I failed to signal my thanks for the bonus issue of the *NR, and most particularly for* "Calling All Delegates." In my view, journalistic dedication is thus ably documented.

Some perverse sense of irony keens in me with realization that I am grateful to the *NR* in much the same way I am grateful to Lyndon Johnson, and for like reason. The *NR* is responsible for persistently calling the attention of many people to some of the more glaring specifics needed for strengthening our nation, and for bettering the quality of our lives. For this I am at once grateful, and in the process enlightened. Lyndon Johnson is responsible for calling the attention of infinitely many more people to precisely the same sort of thing by simply being himself while at the same time being President. There is no infamy, there is no treachery, there is no deception that would not instantly and unquestioningly be widely believed about Lyndon Johnson. That a man of whom this can be said in some measure of truth can come into the Presidency of the United States – however accidentally – speaks forcefully to the pressing need for reforming our political processes. One way or another, such adjustment now seems inevitable. For this, if for nothing else, I believe the nation owes an abiding debt of gratitude to Lyndon Johnson.

Thank you.

Sigurd Nielsen-Eltoft
Portage, Indiana

Having just received the July 27th *NR* today, it is with a rejuvenated sense of political activism that I hasten, though without any unsureness, to respond to your invitation for criticism of your special issue. Perhaps my annotation may bear marks of superfluity for reasons none less significant than the foresight of urgency on the part of yourselves for this timely surprise. Indeed, *NR* deserves much praise for this new "act of conscience."

In a political atmosphere all too emphatic of complacency, you reawaken in the reader's mind the dread alternatives created with Mr. Humphrey's entry into the election, summarizing that since the possibility of withdrawal by the candidate is not a reality, the citizen must not become controlled and manipulated by a matter of political intimidation but, rather, must realize the atmosphere knowingly being created in Washington and act accordingly. The comparison of 1968 with 1860 cannot be contested. In short, your special message has been met here with deep appreciation – keep speaking.

F. A. Wettstein, III
Wayne, N.J.

Notes on Contributors

Lawrence Graver *teaches in the English Department at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass. The University of California will publish his book on Conrad in the fall.* Jeffry Kaplow *teaches history at Columbia University, N. Y.*

Kauffmann, *from page 14*

the power of the perennial myth. The result, whether we like the premise or not, is one of the most likable "movie" movies in the last few years.

On the other hand, *The Story of a Three Day Pass* is unredeemedly painful. It was written and directed by Melvin Van Peebles, who also collaborated on the score. As Van Peebles is a Negro and as this may be the first fiction feature directed by a Negro, the event is a social milestone. It is nothing else.

A Negro G.I. is stationed in France, near Paris, under a patronizing white captain. He gets a three-day pass and meets a French girl whom he takes to a seaside resort, thus breaking the travel restrictions on his pass. They have one of those compressed, a-life-in-a-weekend idylls. He is seen by two (white) fellow-soldiers who report him to the captain. He is confined to quarters on his return for breaking the travel rule. When he is free to telephone the girl again, he finds that she has forgotten him.

Van Peebles reportedly had difficulty in getting this picture financed. I can understand why; the mystery is how he ever succeeded. The story is triteness trying to be daring. (*Ivy* is triteness exploiting its comfy familiarity.) Its racial irony is muddy. Presumably the hero's pals would not have reported him if he had been with a black girl; but the white girl's fickleness – as we are amply shown – has nothing to do with the hero's color.

Even this feeble script might have been given some appeal if Van Peebles had cinema imagination and an understanding of acting. He has neither. His attempts at lyric lift (in the love episodes) are lame, his attempts at cinema imagination (the soldier envisioning himself differently in a mirror, the girl seeing him as an African native) would be thought dubious in a first-year film student. With the exception of the girl, Nicole Berger, every one of the actors is amateurish. This may have been partly due to Van Peebles' budget limitations, but his audience is not responsible for that. Partly it is also due to his ignorance about acting. Miss Berger, who was in Truffaut's *Shoot the Piano Player* and has some ability, is swamped in this context.

If the film were an ambitious, gifted failure, there might at least be a case to be made for it on paper. But the racial comments are stale and childish, and the only quality that Van Peebles shows as filmmaker is his stamina in getting the film made at all. We can thank him for his service as a statistic; at last a feature has been directed by a Negro. But now, in that field, there is nowhere to go but up.

Note. Another social statistic. A publicity release from a theatre in Hollywood announces a series of "film orgies" which will be run on a bi-monthly schedule. The first was 52 consecutive hours of film (all regular features); the second was 77 hours. One three-dollar ticket admits you, and you are free to leave and come back; but you don't need to leave – you can eat in the theatre's snack-bar, and dozens of people, says the release, bed down in sleeping bags. Prizes are given to those who endure the whole orgy.

Orwell thou shouldst be living at this hour!

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